MAYBE I'LL COUNT THE STARS
UNTIL THE DAWN
BEATRICE.
ME, I WILL GO ON
GINGER.
MAYBE I'LL SETTLE DOWN
LINDA LOU.
MAYBE I'LL JUST LEAVE TOWN
BEATRICE.
MAYBE I'LL HAVE SOME FUN
DAWN.
MAYBE I'LL MEET SOMEONE
AND MAKE HIM MINE
ANGEL.
ME, I'LL BE JUST
ALL GIRLS.
FINE AND DANDY
LORD, IT'S LIKE A HARD CANDY CHRISTMAS
I'M BARELY GETTIN' THROUGH TOMORROW
STILL I CAN'T LET SORROW
BRING ME WAY DOWN

GINGER. Would you believe I'm gonna miss this rat hole?

LINDA LOU. Well, you're crazy, too.

GINGER. No, I just got in the habit of havin' a permanent address. It's the next best thing to a home I've had since the Okay Corral Trailer Park back in Wichita Falls. One night I was out honky tonkin' and when I come home my bastard husband had hitched up our trailer to a truck and hauled ass. Somebody said he went up to work on the Alaska Pipeline. (*A beat.*) Well didn't this whole Melvin Thorpe thing surprise you, Miss Linda Lou?

LINDA LOU. Nothin' surprises me nowadays. If somebody told me it was snowin' shit, I'd just ask 'em if it was chicken or horse and how many inches.

ANGEL. Oh God, when I first started hustlin' I thought sure I'd wind up one of them high priced city call girls. You know, silks and furs and sports cars and slinkin' around in soft lights geared to help my makeup work. I mean, why not? My face don't stop no clocks. So how'd I wind up on a four dollar mattress?

(SHY *appears from her room, carrying a suitcase and dressed for the road.* SHE *has the breezy air of a kid anticipating a new adventure.*)

SHY. It's about as cheerful in here as a funeral parlor.

GINGER. Well, Kid, I guess you just ain't been around long enough to grow any roots.

SHY. What difference does it make where we do what we do? I mean, it ain't like we gotta carry no heavy equipment around with us.

ANGEL. Shy, hunny, you're gonna do all right in this dirty business.

SHY. Well baby, it takes one to know one . . . Look, I know everything's a mess . . . and I care about it. I just can't help but feelin' like a little kid going on a trip!

GINGER. Maybe you ought to try Las Vegas.

LINDA LOU. Aw, get off it.

GINGER. Man, I made me a shit-pot full of money out there one time . . . Workin' them big hotels and casinos. All them conventioneers away from Mama and feelin' wild.

SHY. Well, why don't we go to Vegas and team up?

GINGER. Hunny, I've lost a step. Shreveport's more my speed right now. Just call me Sadie Motel. Open twenty-four hours. Hot and cold runnin' drunks. Waking up ever' mornin' to somebody else's bad breath. Somehow . . . it just never seemed to be quite like that around here.

ANGEL. Well . . . I'm going home to see my kid.

LINDA LOU. Come on, girl. You're gonna be screwin' for money as soon as you get your little bags unpacked.

ANGEL. Don't bet on it. This time I'm really gettin' out . . . This time I'm goin' home for Christmas, and I'm gettin' me a straight job, and I'm gonna like it!

LINDA LOU. Maybe so. But you'll never own a yacht.

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